

Red vs Blue: Blood Gulch Chronicles EC ver

by ECDeadly

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Summary: This is how I would put the RvB during the Blood Gulch Chronicles if I was the story dude.

1. Epic Standards

****ECDeadly presents...****

****Based off the famous webseries by Rooster Teeth...****

****Red v.s. Blue. ****

****Episode one: Epic Standards.****

"GRIFF!" Sarge yelled, holding the shotgun in his hand, tightening the grip from the thought of that orange-armored bastard. Completely lazy, doesn't do any work and prefers to do nothing... while they had an objective to do! And that is to defeat the blues. Simmons is the only one that can only help him out, but then again Lopez is mighty good in his handywork.

"Yes sir..." Griff mumbled, walking towards his red-armored commander, knowing he is going to receive a lecture about what the hell he's been doing wrong, so now, it's about time he should turn on those installed headphones in his helmet Simmons made for him to block everything out. Just so he won't hear anything.

"Griff, you should know that this is a war! We need to kick some blue ass in order to win. And you are slowing us down! You do realiz-"

I said ooohhh~

What can I dooooo~

I said oooohhhh~

Oh I looove youuuu~

"Griff...are you singing?"

"Oh! No sir, just...taking notes... in my head... out loud."

"There is no time for note taking you nimrod! Go help Simmons in...whatever he's doing.

"Yes sir..." Griff walked away, praising the lord for this chance to live life once again...or so he thought.

"Now, now, little buddy. No need to drink off that much." Tucker said, the man in green armor, in the blue base, wagging his finger in front of his alien child, whom he (somehow) gave birth to after (somehow) getting impregnated by an alien...

That's right. I just scared you.

The little alien yanked it's head back from the food source and walked to his...mother/daddy, burping.

"So, how you feeling Caboose?" Tucker asked to food source who is laying on the ground, in dark blue armor.

"I feel sleeeeeepy... Caboose replied, sitting up and swaying around.

"Why don't you feed him...you're the mommy...mommy gives milk to their babies..."

"Are you kidding me, Caboose? He could kill me with those chompers!"

"But-it-doesn't-mean-that-you-feed it..."

"...right...maybe I should ask sister..."

"She would not like that. But then again she is weird... so that means she could like it... which is weird."

"...Tucker, what the fuck! You're feeding it to Caboose again? How many times do I have to tell you that he is our_meat_shield. He will be less... meaty if it keeps sucking it!" Church, a man in bright blue armor walks in, wavings his arms angrily.

"Hey! Who knows! He could be useful someday!"

"Maybe for dinner...I always wanted to know what alien taste like...maybe like...the floor...mmm..."

"Shut up, Caboose." Church kicked him lightly.

"Alright, I'll stop using him." That's when the little one cried out pityfully.

"...now what you have done, Church, you sick bastard."

"Hey, who is the one who shoot out a freakin' alien out of their...y'know what, I don't think I wanna say it."

"That's right. Say nothing!"

"...So we have a new recruit coming in."

"New one? I thought sister's the one who is the recruit." Tucker said, rocking the child back and forth, silencing him.

"Yeeah but then I realized that she stole the ship to get here, so meh. Command isn't the best at making decisions anyways."

"I don't want to stay awake anymore." Caboose interrupted them, passing out.

"Wait, but doesn't that mean that we're outnumber them by _a lot?_" Tucker continued.

"...yaaaah, but then I remembered that they said that they're getting a new guy too. Getting them soon."

"...okay." Then the two are in silence.

"...wanna sneak in on sister?"

"Eh, you do it. I'm not some creepy pervert like you are."

"Pervert? No! I'm just... curious. And I am very observant too."

"Yeah, I also heard you _love _to get hands on in observing."

"Bow Chicka Bow-Wow! Now if you excuse me, I have a place to be." Tucker said, tossing his child to Church's arms as he walked out. The alien looekd up at him.

"What the hell are you looking at?" Church glared at it, even if it can't see his face due to the visor the armor helmets have.

"Yo Simmons!" Griff walked in Simmons who just slammed his laptop shut. Trying to hide his MMORPG Character level.

"What do you want, Griff?" Simmons sighed.

"Sarge sent me here to help you."

"Which basically is watch me while you do nothing and when Sarge comes over take all the credit?"

"Basicly, yeah."

"You do realize you used that tactic millions of times, barely works?"

"Hey, Third Millionth's time is a charm."

"Whatever. Heard we are getting a new recruit."

"Where'd you get that info from?"

"Sarge."

"Oooof course. When's he coming?"
>"Pretty soon, I bet."<p>

"Let's just hope he's actually good...or better yet, a
she."

"Mhmm."

"Now, go to work, you elf!"

"How do you know my character?"

"You don't always leave your laptop shut."

"...it's a dark elf..."

END

So, I love the series, I want to create a fanfic, here I am.

**I wanted to publish this since season 10 is premiering tonight. So
yeah. Could've done better. :P**

To the people waiting on the other stories of mine:

**Don't worry. I got it aaall covered. It will be coming on your way:
By the end of the week.**

Happy Memorial Day guys.

~EC

2. DooDoo in the haystack

ECDeadly presents...

Based off the famous webseries by Rooster Teeth...

**Red v.s. Blue. **

Episode Two: DooDoo in the haystack.

"So what do you want me to do?" Grif asked. As if he's going to do
that anyways.

"Right now all I want you to do is sit right in front of it and hope
he won't do anything weird. If I mess up the wiring Lopez might go on
the fritz and- OW!" A spark of electricity came out Lopez and it
shocked both Simmons and him.

"AH. A MI ME DUELE MI CORAZON." (Ow, my heart hurts)

"It's okay, Lopez. You will visit Mexico again sometime. But first, I
gotta reprogram you to speak English."

"FINAL. YO TENGO HABLO INGLES." (Finally, I can speak
English)

"Wait, you don't _want _to?" Simmons asked.

"NO. NO. NO." Lopez said hastily.

"No? If you don't want to, it's okay, I will stop right now. I understand. I didn't know you robots are so...emotional..."

"Did not know you are into Roboality, Simmons." Grif chuckled.

"TU TONTO. A MI ME GUSTA INGLES." (You retard, I want to speak English.)

"Alright, I'll stop. I bet you are so happy right now..."

"A MI ME GUSTA LLORAR. MUCHO." (I want to cry so much.)

"Sheila, have you ever had a crush?" Caboose asked the amazingly huge tank with the female program inside of it.

"What do you mean Caboose? Generically speaking, I do have tendencies to 'crush' beings. Such as rocks, other soldiers, and most like you."

"Does that mean you like me?" Caboose asked, don't know what this feeling he has. Not positive, really.

"Of course, Caboose. You are the only person the talks nicely to me."

"Thanks...Sheila. I'm glad that, we could be...friends." Caboose said, picking his words wisely to a tank that could go crazy at any moment.

"Not at all, Caboose. I like this conversation."

"I think that you like this conversation more than I do..." That's because he doesn't like it at all.

"DONUT! GET YOUR PINK AS OUT OF HERE!" Sarge yelled at Mysterious Feminine Man at the base, he tapped his foot on the dirt ground as he gritted his teeth. His paitience was running thin, and if Donut was any late, he would rip out all of the Happy Tree Friends posters in his quarters, smash the barbie dolls and never ever let him use the intel computer to watch any Gossip Girl

"But sir! I told you! It's lightish red! _Lightish, red._"

"Ugh..." Sarge really didn't want to hear about the lecture about it. About how it brings this somehow bright shade and how it's still red, but brighter.

"Phew! Sorry, sir! I was just fixing my room. A nasty room could lead to many misfortunes! And we don't want that." Donut said, hustling over to the strict, hardy man. He seems a bit too strict, but what can a bunch of sail- I mean soldiers do if the enemy comes? A great leader, that's what!

And those muscles...Definetly can see the figure behind the armor.

"Donut...don't talk... just. Do something for me."

"Yessir!" Donut clicked his toes as he saluted and Sarge groaned.

"But first...change your shoes..."

"Oh! Ho, sorry sir. I was doing my Wizard of Oz Dorothy impressions earlier. Haha...funny story really..."

"NO. NO. Just go..." Sarge said, placing his hands on both sides of his helmet.

"Oh, okay. Ruined a good story time though, wait, before I leave, what am I supposed to do?"

"You are supposed to help me with the Warthog, while I'm underneath it, you basically just bend over and hand over the tools..."

"Liking this already...hold up, I'll be right back!" Donut said, running back to his quarters.

"Ohhhh...what have I done..."

END

3. Are they There Yet?

"ECDeadly presents..."

Based off the famous webseries by Rooster Teeth..."

**Red v.s. Blue. **

Episode Three: Are they there yet?

"Hey Sister." Tucker said, walk beside that mentally-unstable hottie as she was placed down the rock.

"Oh, hi Tucker!" Sister was picking up another large rock, she didn't pay attention and dropped it on her foot.

"GAH! FUCK! ASS! JESUS SCREWING...SHIT. CUNT, MORE CURSEWORDS!" She started to hop around in one foot, her foot was not able to handle such immense pain over a rock.

"Oookay...did you know we're having a new recruit? Go to the left more. Helps relax the foot." Tucker said when Sister was hopping of to the right.

"REALLY?" Sister continued to hop facing Tucker. She turned to Tucker. "I hope she isn't a BITCH like TEX IS!"

"You do realize she's probably hearing that. Oh, and turn around, please. For your own good."

"I HOPE SHE DID!"

"Good...now could you bend over?"

"Oh okay- " SMACK!

"WOAH!"

...

"Church! Buddy!" Caboose ran over to Church, who almost immediately groaned out of sheer terror out of knowing what he will endure with.

"What is it...Caboose." He said in an irritated tone as always.

"Oh I just want to talk to the best person to live in existence..." Caboose complimented.

"Oh, well...Caboose...thanks." Church said, smiling a little bit.

"No, no. It's the person that happens to be
reeeeeeadiiiiiiiiiiiiiinnnggggg thiiiiissssss teeeeeeeext
veeeeerrrrrryyyyyy sloooooooooowlyyyyyyy...

AND THIS PERSON IS READING IT LOUDLY.

And now this person is reading it normal.

AND NOW HE IS YELLING AGAIN... Why do you have to yell...?"

"...What the fuck are you talking about?"

"I don't have a clue."

"As always." Church said, as he continued to walk.

"Wait, Church! Any news for our new buddies?!"

"No, not really. I think they're coming soon..."

"It's not a freelancer, is it? Those people are scary. Including Tex. Maybe because she's mean..."

"No, it's not a freelancer."

"Oh...that's good."

"...What are you supposed to be doing?"

"Oh...look at the time...I'm late...for...SHEILA." Caboose then ran off.

"...Why do I always recieve a band of misfits...?"

...

"I FEEL A DISTURBANCE IN THE FORCE." Grif looked around, feeling that the Blues did something to his incredibly empty-headed sister he's been taking for years. She never listens. Never.

Of course, that's not irritating.

"Hey, Obi Wan Ke-Nimrod, could you leave the references for later and _help us?_" Sarge yelled at the man.

"Actually sir, it is Yoda who-"

"Simmons, I don't care."

"Oh...I thought you would be interest in factual information..."

"Later Simmons."

"...I thought you'd like-"

"_Later_, Simmons."

"Yes sir..." Simmons said sadly.

"So when is this new recruit coming in? I'm tired of doing stuff..." Grif moaned like a complaining child.

"Grif, you never did anything in the first place." Sarge said, gritting his teeth.

"Sir, you always and always will doubt me, won't you?" Grif sighed disappointedly, shaking his head.

"I'm serious Grif. You never did _anything. _Like, whatsoever. Like, zip. Like, less than one. And that's the closest I could ever put it nicely!"

"Aren't you a sweetheart, sir."

"Why you..." Sarge cocked his shotgun. Grif yelped and shut the hell up.

"Good one, sir."

"Thank you, Simmons. Where's Donut?!"

"Coincidentally, he said he's making some Donuts for us later on. He said he just need more filling for his own and he'll be right over."

"Yeah...filling." Sarge turned a little pale.

"Are you okay, sir?"

"Yes...yes...Simmons, get the Warthog. I wanna shoot at something."

"Why not Grif, sir?"

"HEY!"

"Because Simmons, which you asked a very good question, is because I want to shoot at something _new._"

"Oh, good idea sir. Bringing it right over."

"Good. "

END

End
file.